MR. BRANDT'S WEDDING

It was the old situation-a situation not unheard of in fletion, and common enough for that matter in real life—a beautiful girl with two lovers, one middle-aged and wealthy, favored by the girl's father; the other, a younger and poorer man, favored by the girl herself. It is always the younger man who gets the girl's ear in these cases. and it is always the middle-aged man who secures papa's interest—probably because if he were not able to do so he would be out of the running

altorether.

The only peculiarities in the present case were that the girl was particularly pretty and the mid-dle-aged suitor particularly objectionable. Kate Thompson was sure that Mr. Brandt wore a wig, and that was the least of his enormities. He was a German, as his name betokened, and he was fat.
fair and forty. He was well off or papa would
not have had anything to say for him—indeed he

fair and forty. He was well off or page with bave had anything to say for him-indeed he was something more than well off. Schmitz, Brandt & Hernblatt were bankers, money-changers, commission agents and a great many things besides; and they prospered as Germans do somehow prosper, even in this over-populated country.

Joseph Thompson, who traded all by himself under the style of "Thompson & Co.," was a very much smaller man, and he felt considerably pleased when the wealthy German banker began to pay his addresses to his daughter. If beauty only were considered in these matters, as in the old fairy-tale days, Kate Thompson might have married a prince. Her mother had been a lady, and she had given her child a share of her highly borganized nature as well as of her beauty. Kate always appeared among girls of her own rank like always appeared among girls of her own rank like

princess in disguise.

This at least was the opinion of Mr. Frederick

This at least was the opinion of Mrs. Thomp-Vinter. In his capacity of friend of Miss Thompon's brother Tom, young Winter had the right of dmission to Mr. Thompson's house; and this rivilege he used so well that while Herr Brandt. opening his eyes to the fact that his friend was opening his eyes to the lat the late that the late of the late that the late of the la good opinion. It so happened that Winter was one of the clerks in Brandt's office, but neither Fred nor his employer knew that the other was acquainted with the object of his admiration.

It was not till after a regular period of boquet-presenting and compliments that Mr. Brandt made his proposal, and great was his astonishment when he found that Kate refused him. At first he would not believe that such a thing was possible.

and took, or affected to take, the girl's timid

words as marely the effect of maidenly coyness.

not to be understood seriously

"Oh no, my dear young lady, you do not mean

"Oh no, my dear young lady, you do not mean

on are taken by surprise, perhaps; you want to reflect. I will speak of this again-say

'Indeed, you are mistaken, Mr. Brandt," said "Indeed, you are mistaken, are the with more spirit. "I respect you very much as papa's friend, but I cannot marry you, much as papa's friend, but I cannot marry you. Please let us say no more about the matter. with these words the girl cleverly escaped from the room and closed the door behind her. A remarkably ugly look came over the German's

"Soh! My fine mees; we-shall-see!" he ex-

"Soh! My fine mees; we-shall-see rlaimed through his teeth.

His first care was to seek out Kate's father and lay the matter before him. Thompson, poor man, was mightly disturbed. He saw that the banker was seriously offended, and he knew he was a flangerous man to offend. So, as the readiest way just of the difficulty, he made light of his daughter division said she was certain to change her but of the difficulty, he made light of his daughter's decision, said she was certain to change her mind, and added that her judgment was disturbed by a little fitrtation she had been carrying on with a young fellow called Winter, but he would see that was put a stop to.

"Winter!" echoed the banker. "I have a young man of that name in my office. It cannot be he, surely? No, no; it would be too absurd."

"Upon my word I can't say, but I think it very likely. I'll ask Tom."

ikely. I'll ask Tom."

Tom could not deny that his friend and Messrs. Schmitz. Brandt & Hernblatt's junior-assistant ledger clerk were the same man, and the banker soon proceeded to sweep the unlucky young clerk soon proceeded to sweep the unlucky young cieric but of his way. He dismissed young Winter the next morning with a month's salary, without as-signing any reason, and sent him to join the great melancholy army of the unemployed.

as he faced the German in his own dining-room a that dramatic critics, or managers, week or two afterward. "I've talked to her and friends of Mr. Brandt, presented him with box blockets for various theatres, and on these or

Fou make excuses. You what you call 'back out. I intend to marry your daughter. Look here, Grainger Thompson," he continued in a lower tone, "how but respectfully enough. He said nothing to her father. He watched his opportunity when the old man was out of the way, and pleaded his cause earnestly, but respectfully enough. He said nothing about long you have known me ?"

known me turn from my purpose?"
"N-n-no, I den't think I have."

"Or fail to succeed in anything I set my heart

"Well, I mean to marry your daughter." "But she won't have you.

"Pooh! If you had not played me false, my good fellow, the match would have been arranged Played you false, Mr. Brandt! I-I--

If I have to ruin you in the process I will do it. "Get out of this!" screamed little Thompson.

fairly beside himself with rage. "You stand at my own fireside and threaten me. By Jove, I'll nd for a policeman." He opened the door and souted "Tom!" And the eldest hope of the Thompsons descended the stairs three steps at a time. In a twinkling the street door was open in a whirl of excitement and savage delight. His and Herr Brandt was unceremoniously bundled

When this feat had been accomplished Mr. Thompson felt half afraid of what he had done. for the German banker was an influential man and might be able to injure him. It was too late how, however, for regrets. He drank a glass of brandy by way of steadying his nerves, and magmanimously refrained from telling his daughter that it was all owing to her unreasonable obsti-

As for the German, he went home vowing vencance against the whole family and race of mpsons. He was more bent upon marrying than ever, for his resentment stimulated

macy that he had got into the scrape.

ather than ever, for his resentment stimulated at the stimulated his passion. And he had determined to be revenged on her father.

At length he resolved upon a plan of action, and be lost no time in putting it into practice. The last experience poor Thompson had of his enemy's resentment was finding that his bankers, who had always been very civil to him, would not discount. always been very civil to him, would not discount to conceal from her lover the fact that she looked on herself as a lamb led to the slaughter.

The fatal day arrived. All Mr. Brandt's friends al security. He left the bank-parior in a and after vainly trying to place the bills and acquaintances in London, and a good many whose acquaintanceship with him was of rather a slender character, were asked to the wedding. He was anxious to show his beautiful bride to the shady people whom he hated to have seen

rumor, coming from an apparently unbiassed source, spreads and repeats itself, nor the amount of evil which persevering malignity can accom-

At length one day the crash came. 'A firm who owed Thompson a considerable sum failed just be-fore the day for paying him. The poor man had bills to meet next week, and he had been relying on this very sum to enable him to take them up. He applied to his bankers to help him—in vain; he tried one old friend after another—it was quite

useless. Poor Thompson's bills were dishonored, and in a month he was adjudicated a bankrupt.

The comfortable establishment at Blackheath was broken up; all the household goods—the girl's very spoons and forks were seized and sold. There were no friends at hand to buy in some of the furniture and help the disconsolate family to make a fresh start. They went and hid themselves in lodgings in a mean street in the region of Upper

Holloway.

To complete the distress of the family, Tom, who was the only one of them who was carning anything substantial, suddenly lost his situation. kate found some work as a daily governess, but her salary went but a little way in keeping the

wolf from the door.

As the old man, now looking seedy and thread-bare, was returning homeward along Cheapside one bitter November day after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain employment as a bookkeeper he met Mr. Brandt face to face. An angry gleam came into the bankrupt's eyes, for he could not help entertaining a feeling that the German had had a hand in his misfortunes—certainly they had begun shortly after the time when he had expelled the banker from his house. But Brandt came up to him, fat, flourishing and smiling, and held out his hand.

"Mr. Thompson-my old friend-I was so sorry

to hear of your misfortunes." He took the broken down merchant's unresisting hand and pressed it as he spoke. "I would have sought you out and offered my sympathy sooner, but I feared you might think it an intrusion, as we were not on very good terms when we last parted—ch? But bygones be bygones, as your fine English prov-says. Here is a restaurant. Have you had lunch? What do you say to have a chop and a glass of sherry together, for old times' sake?"

The poor old man was hungry and he consented.
"Now tell me what I can do for you," said the

German, when Thompson had finished the most comfortable meal he had had for many a day. "Tell me how you are all getting on."

"Very badly—all of us. Tom has lost his situ-

"Ah, soh! Well, we must find him another one. And my old friend Mees Kate-how is she?" "She's tolerably well; that is, she's not strong and works too hard."

"Ver sorry; ver sad," said the German, but his face did not betoken any very great grief at the

intelligence.

A little more conversation passed between the two men and then they parted. Thompson giving his wealthy friend his new address, and the latter assuring him that he would do his best to find a berth for "Mr. Tom," and that he would write or call as soon as he had any good news to communicate The old man went home inclined to think that the banker was, after all, "a good sort," and congratulating himself on having found a

and congratulating himself on having found a friend in his time of need.

A week had hardly clapsed from the time of this fortunate meeting, when the banker presented himself at No. 59 Battenberg Terrace, Upper Holloway. Kate's cheeks flushed as she gave him her hand, and the German thought (and rightly) that she looked quite as beautiful in her chean marine freek and imitation area collars as she cheap merino frock and imitation lace collar as she had done in an expensive costume in the days of her father's prosperity.

He said very little to her, turning his attention

chiefly to her father. He was the bearer of good news. He had used his influence successfully with a gentleman whom he knew-a director of an Indian Tea Company-and he was able to offer Tom a post on a tea plantation in India. It was Tom a post on a tea plantation in India. It was not very much, but better than nothing, perhaps—and it was a beginning. Of course the offer was gratefully accepted on behalf of the young man, who happened to be out that evening; and after a somewhat prolonged stay in the shabby little little sitting-room, the banker took his de

melancholy army of the unemployed.

Mr. Brandt waited a few weeks and then remewed the assault. By this time Mr. Thompson had had several interviews with his daughter without any satisfactory result.

"No, I can never marry Fred, papa, especially now that he has lost his situation," said Kate, all flushed and tear-stained, her hair rumpled and her collar awry, "but as for marrying that odious fat German, I would rather poison myself." Upon which the little man who was the head of the house of Thompson groaned aloud, and looked forward to his interview with the banker with no small trepidation.

little little sitting-room, the banker took his departure. There was something in his manner. Composed as it was, as he shook hands with the events of the previous year—that he was still in heart her lover.

After this Mr. Brandt became a pretty frequent visitor at Battenberg Terrace, and in various ways he contrived to make himself agreeable to be a member of the Honorable Company of Buckle Makers. A friend of Brandt's, who was a master Buckle Maker, represented his case to the board, and, after a little delay, the decayed merchant found himself a brother-pensioner of the company. small trepidation.

"I'm afraid it's no use, Mr. Brandt," he sa d. with an annuity of fifty guineas. Several times good. I don't think she fancies a foreigner—no of-fence to you; and I imagine she is still thinking of that young fellow Winter. It was a mistake to entertainment. Kate's little sisters were made

that young fellow Winter. It was a instance to turn him off, you know."

Mr. Thompson glanced at his guest as he ceased speaking and gave an involuntary start. He was fairly shocked at the look of suppressed tury defing in the family circle, and yet he could not be fairly shocked at the look of suppressed fury depicted on the face opposite him.

"You are pleased to triffe with me," said the German slowly.

The Englishman Began to protest, but the big German soon silenced him. "Listen to me. Of course your daughter marries the man you choose. You know that as well as I. I ask you for your daughter's hand, and you promise me. Yes; then you make excuses. You what you call 'back out.' prospects of success.

This time he said nothing to her father. He

prospects of success.

This time he said nothing to her father. He but respectfully enough. He said nothing abo g you have known me?"
"I should say 'bout ten years," responded the the strength of his passion; he did not refer in any way to his previous offer. Nor did he atlude any way to his previous offer. Nor did he allude to the benefits he had conferred upon the family. He hinted that he could offer her a home that would be more than comfortable, and that by accepting him she would be acting the part of a good daughter and securing her sisters' future.

"N-no; I dare say not."

"N-no; I dare say not."

in the face all the time. The German did not like that straightforward gaze; it looked as if the girl had not forgotten the past, and meant to reject him, but he bore it unflinchingly and waited for

At length it came—she accepted him! "Now you listen to me. I've made up my mind to marry your daughter Kate, and I mean to the first marry your daughter Kate, and I mean to the first marry your daughter Kate, and I mean to the beautiful girl who had just promised to be his

"Hush, do sit down, Mr. Brandt," she said, rising and retreating to the door. "I hear papa

Thompson did, in fact, come in at that moment, and Kate escaped to her bedroom, leav-ing her lover to tell the news to her father. The banker left Battenberg Terrace that evening

peerless creature, was to be his own. At last, ab last he had triumphed. For this he had ruined her father, brought the family to poverty, and appeared in the character of its benefactor. And

ow the prize was within his grasp.

The German's old friends hardly knew him for the next six weeks. He rushed into all sorts of extravagances. He took a house in Mayfair, and furnished it from top to bottom, engaged servants (every one of them natives of the Fatherland). iaid in a stock of wine, and ordered the most magnificent wedding breakfast that a London confectioner could provide.

Very little of this profusion found its way Battenberg Terrace. Time enough for that, thought Herr Brandt, when the girl was his wife; "and little enough luxury will she have even then," he said to himself, "if she doesn't see fit to mend her manners." Kate was, indeed, as cold to him as ever she had been, and took no pains

sim; shady people whom he hated to have seen there, patronized him and but him in the way of contracting bad debts. People with whom he had dealt for twenty years suddenly seemed to be surprisons of him; everybody.

did not matter whether any of them were present or not. On the eve of the wedding day, however, a magnificent bridal dress, vell, and wreath, and a set of pearls, arrived at Battenberg Terrace, sent by the bridagroom, that his bride might appear in public suitably apparelled.

Sometimes the unhappy man was inclined to attribute these untoward events to the quarrel he had had with Mr. Brandt and the revengeful feetings he had excited in the German's breast; at the fashionable church, 5t. Bridget's, Westminstern the fashionable church, 5t. Bridget's, Westminstern that past eleven, and by eleven o'clock the church began to fill with the bridgeroom's guests. At twenty minutes past eleven Mr. Brandt him the bridgeroom's guests. At twenty minutes past eleven Mr. Brandt him the bridgeroom's guests. At twenty minutes past eleven Mr. Brandt him who have different directions. He did not take into becount the readiness with which an unfavorable

hasty marriage ceremony at an alter in a side chapel (for Sb. Bridget's, as every one knows, is highly ritualistic, and has three alters), the bride being attired in her travelling dress—a bonnet and

a large waterproof cloak,
Mr. Brandt was annoyed that another wedding
should have been fixed for the same morning;
however, he thought, there is time for them to be out of the way before we begin. It was five minutes to the appointed time, and as yet there was no sign of the bride. The minutes passed; minutes to the appointed time, and as yet there was no sign of the bride. The minutes passed; the modest little bridal party in the corner disappeared into the vestry, the half-bour chimes were struck on the clock in the tower overhead, and yet the bride did not come.

Mr. Brandt grew impatient, and so did the crowd of well-dressed people in the pews.

Suddenly the vestmalors counted and the newton.

Suddenly the vestry-door opened and the newly married pair came out; but instead of leaving by the side aisle they came round to go down the centre aisle of the church. They had nearly reached the chancel when the lady slipped off her

bonnet and cloak.

It was she, Kate Thompson, his beautiful bride, in that very satin dress and lace veil, married to another-to-to his former clerk, Fred Winter!

It was too much. He sprang toward the girl. but in an instant her husband was between them.

As Brandt stood there, dumb with rage, and mad with disappointment, Kate pointed her hand at him, and her voice rang out clear in the silent

us to poverty that you might be able to subdue me to your wishes. This is my revence."

So saying she swept down the aisle on her husand's arm, and disappeared from Mr. Brandt's

That night a parcel was delivered at his great empty house, containing the wedding finery, and the few presents which the German had bestowed

pon his faithless bride.

The fact was that, by dint of patient inquiries made in the proper quarters, Fred Winter had learned all about the treacherous conduct of the German, and, as he and Kate had become privately ful proposal, he naturally told her what he had found out. Having obtained a good situation at Manchester, the young man pressed Kate to fulfil her promise. He knew nothing about the trick which she meant to play upon Brandt. He supposed it was merely a girlish whim when she Church, and made her lover arrange that the hour should be eleven o'clock, just half an hour before the time fixed for Mr. Brandt's wedding.—(White-

A CITY COURTSHIP. The proper place for courting,
By the story-book's reporting,
he or meadow-pathway, out of sight of town,
With the sweetness blowing over
From the fields of beans and clover,
ylark dropping nestwardas the sun goes down.

But I've met my little Sally
At the mouth of Dawson's Alley,
And we've walked along together tow'rds the Dome of 'Mid the jostling crowd that passes
'Neath the flaring lamps and gases,
outing of the drivers and the newsboys' calls.

And the lily of the valley
That I gave my little Sally
ed penny bouquet that a flower girl sells;
She has never seen one growing.
As it's easy to be showing,
hplace is the Dreamland that's beyond Bow

Oh! it pains me in our walking—
All the oaths and shameful talking,
And the folks that brush her passing, and the glances

But though evil things may touch her, They can never hurt or smutch her, as the dirt to sweetness as a flower the mould Nay, it's not in country places,
'Mid the fleids and simple faces,
Out of sight and sound of evil, that a pure heart grows;
It is here in London city,
In the sin and shame and pity;
For the pure heart draws its pureness from the wrong it

I was like the men around me;
I was course and low and selfish as the beast that dies;
But her grace began to win me,
And my heart was changed within me,
And I learned to pray from gazing in my darling's eyes.
PRESENCE LANGERINGE.

THE SNOWS. Under the snows surly winter defying.
Under the drift that the clouds are still plying
Earth, her lap full of dead blossoms, reposes
Shades of shed littles and ruins of roses;
The children are dead, but the mother undying. Under the snows the spring flow rets are lying. Germs of the May-time that's coming, denying Aught of the rule the cold tyrant imposes, Under the snows.

Under the snows of the quiet brest, vying with the drift in its whiteness, the red blood is flying. And the poor little heart that cold bosom encloses is a sarden where free is gathering postes; Under the snows of the smiles thou art sighing.

Under the snows.

"NOT STRANGERS THERE."

From The Youth's Companion.
To whom would Heaven's doors so freely open
As to a little child.
Who stands with thind feet upon its threshold,
Lovely and undefiled i

And such an one, of late, was lowly lying,
With fast receding breath;
Over her face the first, last shadow falling—
She was afraid of death?

Her loved ones said, "Oh, do not fear to enter That land, so wide and fair," To all their words of cheer she could but answer, "I do not know them there!" But, even as she spoke, her hands wre lifted

In sudden, sweet surprise,
And the reflection of some dawning splendor
Illumed her wondering eyes.

No longer clincing to her tender watchers, And darkened by their was. She looked as if she saw some loved one beckon, And was in haste to go. What she beheld we saw not, and her rapture

What she beheld we saw not, or the four hearts not yet might share, Gur hearts not yet might share, But with a last, bright smile she whispered gladly, They are not strangers there?"

—[FRANCIS L. MACE.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

From The London Sectator.

I heard the children crying from the stafr,
"A merry, merry Chilatmas to you all."

I saw down gentle cheeks a tear-drop fall,
And on the weeper's head was silver hair.

But the sweet babe, high-perched within his chair, His dimpied hand upon the painted ball, With unconcern, mote and majestical, Almost rebuked our Christmas joy and care.

I turned in thought to that old weary inn By Bethlehem's gate, and there with wonder spied. That other Babe, and round Him smiles and fears. He too was heedless; but the Cherubin to too was needless; But the Control of the Seraphin in glory cried.

"This Habe shall deepen joy and quicken tears."

II. D. RAWNSLET.

ON HELEN'S CHEEK.

From The Independent.
On Helen's cheek was once a glow.
An arc of dreamland glimpaed selow.
A silver-purpled, peachy beauty
In tidal swayings to and fro. O flush of youth! outvelveting The butterfly's Arabian wing! The very argostes of morning Bear not from licaven so rich a thing. On Helen's cheek a springtide day,

Fragtic and wonderful it lay:
From Helen's check these twenty summers
Child-lips have kissed the bloom away. Nay, Time! record it not so fast, The reign of roses overpast: All victor-pomps of theirs encircle A loyal woman to the last.

So true of speech, of soul so free, of such a mellowed blood is she. That girlhood's vision, long evanished, Rounds never to a memory. No loss in her Love's self descries! No loss in her love's an describe.
Up-trembling to adoring eyes,
The sweet mirage of youth and beauty
On Helen's check forever lies.
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINET.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE METHOD. A man sat on a salt barrel on Michigan Grand-ave. esterday making a great display of eating a raw carrot. small colored boy halted in front of him, watched the erformance for a while and then said:
"My fadder tried datdodge de odder day,"

"Tryin' fur to git sympathy, but it didn't work."
"Why !"
"Kase de whiskey smells right frew de karrut. He's IN LOVE WITH AMERICA. IN LOVE WITH AMERICA.

Mrs. Society—I suppose you never hear of your daughter, who cloped with that young bricklayer!

Mrs. Oldfam—Yes, he has got rich, and they are living in New-York in fine style.

"That is a comfort, certainly. Has the foreign nobleman who married your other daughter returned to his coalles yet!"

"Oh! no: he is just in love with America, and says he wouldn't think of going back to Europe."

"Indeed! Where have they been during the last three or four wars." ng with the bricklayer."

CALIFORNIA RAISIN-GROWING.

Twas asking a man right from there [California] about the general interests of that State. Said he: "The wine-making interest of California is going to change somewhat and become a raisin interest. They can dry the grapes and get 15 cents a pound for them, whereas they set but three-quarters of a cent for grapes furnished to make wine. The raisins are used more and more, and all that is necessary is to change the kind of grape."

THE THEATRES.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK

Madame Modjeska and her husband arrived in th city on Friday and stayed for a few hours at the Clarendon. Madame Modjeska looked better in health than when she left New-York at the close of a long and harassing engagement. "You see," said she, "I have harassing engagement. "You see," said she, "I have no rehearsals to bother me and wear me out now, and that makes all the difference in the world. I do not feel the fatigue of acting at all and am generally almost as well at the end of a season as at the beginning. It is the constant strain of getting un a production which wears me out. We have had on the whole a fortunate beginning to our travelling season. The Boston critics completely reversed the verdicts of their New-York brethren on 'Daniela' and 'Les Chouans.' They 'pitched into' the latter and praised the former, but the rubile agreed with the New-Yorkers and docked to 'Les Chouans,' leaving 'Daniela' severely alone. Personally I enjoyed my stay in Boston extremely. I think, though, that it is getting more and more Anglomaniacal every year. It far outstrips New-York in this respect. But the nice people there are very nice and elever into the bargain. Outside Boston we have tound the business good in the smaller cities, but not so good elsewhere. We play to-night; in Orange and next week go to Philadelphia, returning here in two weeks to fill our Brooklyn engagement. By the way, I have not engaged Mr. Gilmour to play 'Antony' in a revival of 'Antony and Cleopatra' as was reported. We did think of reviving this play and giving it a gorgeous spectacular production, but I hardly think it likely now. At all events nothing has been decided upon. I shall continue my New-York reportory, having added 'Frou-Frou' to it. It has gone excellently where we have played it and Barrymore is quite a hit in it. I am satisfied that my idea of having a strong stock company, and not putting myself forward as a star, has proved successful. Next season I think we shall reap the fruits of the seed we have sown this year. I have made no arrangements for next year, but many of my company will doubtless remain no rehearsals to bother me and wear me out now, and sown this year. I have made no arrangements for next year, but many of my company will doubtless remain with me."

When Miss Dauvray decided to lay aside Mr. Howard's unfortunate play and produce " Masks and Faces," she made up her mind to give the piece as historically correct a setting as possible. She had aiready steeped herselt in all the procurable literature bearing upon the central figure in Charles Reade's play, and on the epoch during which the action takes place. Portraits in the form of rare engravings were procured, and books of costume and contemporary engravings of interior and exterior seenes were studied. The scenery, which has been painted by Philip Goatcher from well-studied models, affords no opportunity for extreme gorgeousness. One interior, however, is mentioned as being especially elaborate, while the garret and greenroom scenes rely on their close fidelity to nature and realistic fashioning for their effect. In costume Miss Danvray has taken especial pains to secure accuracy as well as picture-queness. The costumer has been occupied entirely on these dresses for the past two weeks, and stuffs of territying prices are being used in their manufacture. The real Woffington had a weakness, not unshared by others of her sex, for fine laces. Taking this fact as a hint Miss Dauvray will exhibit in some of the dresses she wears as "Woffington" some real old point laces.

A. C. Gunter, the playwright, has just completed a Faces," she made up her mind to give the piece as his

A. C. Gunter, the playwright, has just completed a comic opera with which he expects to make a hit, and is aiready making arrangements for bringing it out. is already making arrangements for bringing it out.

The music is to be supplied by Edgar S. Kelley, who
made a success on the Pacific Coast by his "Macbeth"
music. Mr. Gunter said vesterday: "In all my life I
never heard such music as Kelley's 'Macbeth.' I do
not believe there was ever such battle music produced
as Kelley's battle-scene music. My comic opera will
require a great deal of money for the setting—not less
than \$10,000. I shall not bring it out this season unless I can get the right place for it."

Arrangements were recently completed whereby Nat C. Goodwin will on Thursday, February 10, appear at the Elks' Benefit in Boston, without fering with his New-York performance at the Bijou Opera House. He will leave New-York at 12 o'clock on Wednesday night in a special car with his entire company and reach Boston in time for breakfast. At half-past 10 they will appear at the Boston Theatre in "Turned Up." and at 1 o'clock they will start on

dramatic literature, but it is a most effective melo-drama and I think the scenery equals anything we have given you yet, and that is saying a great deal. I expect we shall run the play for the balance of the season, though Mr. Wallack has some plays both new and old which he is anxious to do this season. As for myself I believe in sticking to a good thing when you have got it, and, as far as we can judge now, this is one of that sort."

In A. M. Palmer's mail yesterday was a letter bear ing the blue crossed mark of registration. As he pened it a piece of engraved bank-note paper fluttered out. The letter was from Henry Irving, and in terms of characteristic good-deeling and courtesy conveyed a draft for \$100 to be applied to the Actors' Fund Monument. This work has lately been taken in hand by the Editor, of "The New-York Mirror" and has been almost pushed to a successful conclusion in the space of a week or two. The estimate for the erection of a plain but imposing granite shaft on the burial plot of the Actors' Fund amounted to \$2,500. Already \$1,625 has been subscribed and in another week the remainder will in all probability be handed in. This has been contributed in amounts varying from 50 cents to \$100, and the bulk of it comes from the actors and actresses themselves. The Actors' Fund, by the way, was never so prospersus. All this seasoul's benefits have been surprisingly successful, and white numerons unfortunate people have been relieved, there is still a large balance in the treasury. A plan for obtaining a suitable building for the use of the Fund's members is now being agitated, and will probably be pashed through before very long.

A day or two ago Augustus Pitou, Mr. Mantell's

A day or two ago Augustus Pitou, Mr. Mantell's manager, returned from a trip to the West. He went manager, returned from a trip to the West. He went to look after the interests of his other star, the young Irish comedian W. J. Scanlan. "I came back to attend the final rehearsals of 'The Marble Heart," which we produce on Monday night. I am entirely satisfied with the way it is going, and I think Mantell is going to surprise every one. We have mounted the play well and the company seem entirely saited to their parts. Wheaterest plays 'Volage,' Archie Lindsay the 'Viscomte,' Eleaner Carev 'Marco, Kate Stokes 'Clementine,' Helen Windsor 'Manette, and Louisa Eldridge 'Mme Duchatlet.' When we leave here we shall return, of course, to 'Tangled Lives' with which I could easily have run out the seeson at this thearter. Next season, I expect, will be a triamphant one for Mantell. He will have a larger repertory, in which we have some idea of including 'Othello,' though at present it is a mere idea."

Mr. Dockstader continues to give his entertainment as usual, though he himself has lately been obliged to to look after the interests of his other star, the young Irish comedian W. J. Scanlan. "I came back to attend the final rehearsals of 'The Marble Heart," which we produce on Monday night. I am entirely satisfied with the way it is going, and I think Mantell is going to surprise every one. We have mounted the play well and the company seem entirely suited to their parts. Wheateroft plays 'Volage,' Archie Lindsay the 'Visconte,' Eleanor Carey 'Marco., Kate Stokes' Clementine,' Helen Windsor 'Mancette,' and Louisa Eldridge 'Mme Duchatlet.' When we leave here we shall return, of course, to 'Tangled Lives' with which I could easily have run out the session at this theatre. Next season, I expect, will be a triumphant one for Mantell. He will have a larger repertory, in which we have some idea of including 'Othello,' though at present it is a mere idea."

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as usual, though he himself has lately been obliged to omit his customary appearance on the stage. His out his cross have not entirely recovered from the strain under which he recently broke down and he wisely resolves to run no risk. This week two new absurdities will be given, one called "Buffalo William's Wild West," the other "Ten Minutes at Wallack's." Their scope is indicated by the titles.

Revivals seem to be in favor this season, and Nat

Goodwin's new edition of "The Mascot" is no exception to the rule, if rule it be. Every night last week people were turned away, and unless an unexpected drop should occur the opera will remain on the boards for a considerable time. It was reported yesterday that a date three weeks hence had been fixed for the that a date three weeks hence had been fixed for the production of the farrage of nonsense called "The Skating Rink," but this is not the case. "The Mascot' will be run as long as the people want to see it," said John F. Donnelly restorday. "When they get tired sit we shall make a change, but unless something extraordinary occurs, we shall not see the end of this business for weeks to come." It may be mentioned that there is a superstition current among theatrical managers to the effect that revivals are "mighty onsartain," Business, it is supposed, may be unexpectedly enormous, and suddenly drop, never to be revived, without any perceptible cause. Like most superstitions, this has never been proved to be the case. Charles Overton, who recently bought the English

rights of " Held by the Enemy," sailed for England yesterday. Mr. Overton will set to work immediately to arrange for the production in England of Giflette's successful play. As soon as a theatre has been secured he will cable for Ben Teal, the well-known stage-manager, under whose direction the play was produced at the Madison Square Theatre. Mr. Teal will go to England to perform the same office for it there. He has just returned from the country, where he assisted at the first night of Clsy Greene's Sybi,"

which was also stage-managed by him. When his English trip is over he will probably direct the staging of a spectacular melodrama of which he is the author, and which will be given here by a well-known manager of such pieces. Richard Mansfield writes from Chicago that the success

of his tour has so far been gratifying. He has added a revised version of " Parisian Romance" to his repertory, revised version of "Parisian Romance" to his repertory, and has reheared his dramatization of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," He has kept his company together and all are in good health and spirits. On February 21 Mr. Mansfield will open in New-York in "Prince Karl," and thus afford an opportunity of witnessing this charming little character-sketch to many who were out of town during his summer season at the Madison Square Theatre. It is possible that the dramatic version of Stevenson's wierd story will be seen during this engagement, but this has not been definitely settled.

SPRING BONNETS AND HATS.

THE COMING FASHIONS.

GRACEFUL TRIMMINGS-STYLES IN HAIR-DRESSING. The epring importations of wholesale millinery houses repeat in straw many of the shapes already seen in the winter bonnets and hats. Small bonnets and large bats will both be worn during the coming season. Importers predict the general use of fancy braids, though many Milan straws are shown in dark shades of color. There is an effort to introduce lower crowns, but high square crowns are shown on all the hats and nearly all the bonnets thus far opened Bonnets remain very close at the side, the trimming being massed on top by the milliner in various ways to suit her fancy and the face of the wearer. While it is suit her fancy and the face of the wearer. While it is anticipated that ribbons and piece velvet will be standard trimmings for soring and summer, there are many fancy gauzes which will be used with flowers and for veiling flowers. There is a growing tendency to make bonnets individual in style, so that no two bonnets shall be alike; this necessitates the use of a variety of materials in triuming, and ostrich pompons, typs, aigrettes of feathers, and aigrettes and piques of fine flowers will all be used. COLORS.

The colors of the spring will be on a subdued order or if any rich colors are used the aim will be to blend or if any rich colors are used the aim will be to blend them so carefully that there will be nothing pronounced-or bizarre in the effect. There are many rose tints among the new colors which will probably take the place of the brilliant cardinal and red shades of previous seasons. These rose shades are shown in various tones of color from a fade tapestry pink known as "o'd rose," to the brilliant Charles the Tenth colors which repeat the shades and tints of the wild rose, and are usually called "eglantine" colors. Other pink shades are variously known as "crustacea" and "veron Japan," which in its palest that approaches in color the brilliant hue of the Japanese minnow and in the darkest shades becomes a purplish magenta. The "flammant" shades of red are a brilliant scarlet color. The beautiful blue-green tint of last season, called "Salambo," is imported again under the name of pigeon green. Renaissance green is a color a shade darker than Nile green—a fade tapestry tint taxen from the old green of Gobelin embroidery. Pale Sevres blues in greenish tones are shown in several shades. Yellows range in color from the pale primrose yellows to the deep orange shades. Purples are imported in many shades and tones of cotor; there are reddish purples called this season "anemone" on the importers' cards of color, but these are better known by their old name of heliotrope; there are pale liliaes, lavenders and violet purples. Natural beige tints, drabs and standard colors complete the list of 'tints and shades. It is anticipated that two or more shades of the same color will be considered in better taste in millinery than strong contrast, whence some milliners speak doubtingly of the pronounced shades of rose introduced this spring, although these colors are very popular in Pafs.

Large numbers of wide Italian plaits are imported them so carefully that there will be nothing pro

Large numbers of wide Italian plaits are imported foring with his New-York part 120 clock on Wednesday might in a special car with his entire company and reach Boston in time for breakfast. At the haft-past 10 they will appear at the Boston Theatre in "Turned Up," and at 10 clock they will start on their return journey, reaching New-York at 7 o'clock. Thus they will be enabled to appear as usual in the evening after having travelled over 500 miles within twenty-sit or twenty-seven hours.

It John T. Raymond has almost dropped "The Magis trate," "Sellers" and "For Congress" from his reperiory, so successful does he find "The Woman Hafer" as an attraction to his audiences. He considers the part his greatest success since Coincel Sellers and the business done by it everywhere appears almost phenomenal. During the Philadelphia engagement of two weeks the orchestra were displaced on several occasions to allow of extra seals being pat in. The strage manager there is an engagement of the weeks the orchestra were displaced on several occasions to allow of extra seals being pat in. The strage manager there is count the number of languages and the strage manager. The work of the path is the seal to have counted 443, of which 174 were during the aminutes. Should Raymond succeed in obtaining a New-York opening such as he cesires he will begin with "The Woman Hater," which he considers would easily run for a hundred nights at least. He is also desirous of producing the new play of "The Goild Mine," before referred to here, in which he has great faith.

A minutant light-house stands on top of Wallack's Theatres now and casts its colored ray down Broadway and the hard and hard and have been work braded of strands of Mina, while he further own when the further become and the path of the model and the latest with the work while over the baleony in tront are three electric lights with red, white and blue globes. All this is to easily the authority of the path of the model and the latest and the path of the model and the latest with the path of the model and the latest and the p embroidered with fine Tuscan straw. These braids are shown in all shades of dress goods and will be sewn

BRAIDS AND SHAPES.

Det in black and in all the varying shades of color manufactured under the tame "jet" is prominent manufactured under the tame jet is prominent again among imported goods. The various parts of the bounet are imported to be put together by the milliner as before. There are little bounets of fancy black staw woven over open wire frames and thickly beaded with jet. Little bounets of fancy Tuscan straw are shown in black and dark colors.

RIBBONS, GAUZES, AND FLOWERS. Ribbons of gross grain with fancy loop or teather edge, and plain gros-grain ribbons will all be used by edge, and plain gros-grain ribbons will all be used by milliners this spring. The widths known to merchants as Nos. 12 and 16 are those which will be most generally used for bows, knots and clusters of ribbon to mix with velvet aigrettes and flowers. All varieties of fancy styles are imported in stripes, fancy checks, and plaids and a variety of fancy edges are shown among the new ribbons. While the fancy ribbons are always useful for children's hats and other purposes it is probable that plain gros-grain ribbons with a plain or loop edge and in the lustrous quality used during the winter will be the standard triumning ribbon. In fancy ribbons there are many hair stripes.

nsed during the winter will be the standard trimming ribbon. In fancy ribbons there are many hair stripes, gay plaids, and fancy stripes simulating a No. I ribbon with a teather edge. A predominence of red and blue and especially of the "Watten colors," pale pink and blue, is shown in the new plaid ribbons.

Fancy gauzes are imported in white and delicate colors and shades in tuited patterns in chenille effect of stripes, checks and cross-bars. There are some gauzes brocaded in cross-bars, which are caught at the sections by tuited nail-heads of silk; others are quite open in pattern so that they may be used for veiling flowers.

flowers.

Fine flowers like Scottish heather bloom, elder-

The straight aigrettes are much cheaper. The entire supply for our market is taken from birds caught in the awamps near the tropics. COIFFURES.

There is no radical change expected this spring in There is no radical change expected this spring in halr-dressing. The hair of matrons and ladies over twenty-five is worn quite high. The back hair is twisted in a figure eight high on the crown of the head, while the front hair is drawn back in a heavy tress over the forehead and there are short curls at the sides coming toward the temples. It the forehead is too high or too much wrinkled to admit of this style of tront hair, a short slight bang is worn reaching to the middle of the forehead and curved up at the sides. This Russian bang is especially becoming to long faces and is adopted by those who wear their hair in a coll on the crown of the head and by young ladies who wear acel of braids. This coil is worn at the back of the head in about the middle and is a more youthful style than the matronly twist just described; it is worn by young ladies with English hats and bonnets alike, the short notched back of the bennet leaving ample room for the coil of braids. Hair-dressers advise ladies who have cut their hair in the back or have stray locks which will not remain in place to curl these locks, turning them unward and keering them in place with a lace hairpin. The hair should be cut at the ends every month to stimulate the growth, and should not be washed with soda, borax, ammonia or any strong alkalis, as they invariable deaden its growth in time.

Thanks are given to Aitken, Son & Co., Worthington Smith & Co., Leon Rheims, and W. J. Barker. hair-dressing. The hair of matrons and ladies over

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE

SENATOR FARWELL'S FIRST JOB IN CHICAGO.

From the Calcogo Mail.

Among the large number of people who called at J.

V. Farwell & Co.'s yesterday to congratulate the new
Senator-clost was a little old man with a very long
bushy, gray beard, who greeted Mr. Farwell with a
cheery "Hello, boy, I congratulate you," and was answored with an equally cheery "Hello, old man. I'm
glad to see you." Mr. Farwell rose, grasped the old
man's hand and shook it heartity, and then introduced
him to several gentlemen present, most of whom were
also gray-bearded. "This old man," said he, laying
the emphasis on old, "got me the first employment I
ever had in Chicago. That was in 1844, just forty-two
years ago. He was then county surveyor, and I had
come to town with a map I had just made of Ogle
Connty, and I wanted him to look at it and approve it.
He looked at it but didn't seem to more than half believe I had made it. I told him I was a surveyor and
wanted a job, and the map would show what
I could do. He sent me up to the town of Maine to
survey school sections, and I subsequently did soms
other work for him, and he finally got me a job in the
county clerk's office at \$8 per month. That was the
first work I did and the first money I carned in Chieago. The old man's name is Asa F. Bradley."

A REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT.

A REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT.

Miss Minnie Atkinson, sieter of young Arthur A. Atkinson, who died near Jackson last Safuriay night, has been an inmate and student at Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tenn., for two terms past, and only arrived home last night, upon receiving a telegram of the serious illness of her brother. She relates a most singular circumstance connected with the death of her brother as tollows:

She was very much devoted to her brother Arthur, and had his picture with her, which she showed to her associates in college, and often spoke of the good qualities of her brother. One of the young ladies seemed smitten with the picture and asked to see it often. On last Friday this young lady was in company with Miss Minnie, and asked to see the picture. It was given her to look at, and after gazing at it intently a few minutes, she said:

"Let' your bester about 15.

o look at, and sater gassig at the steep said:
"Isa't your brother dead!"
Of course the suggestion startled Miss Minnie, but

utes, she said:

"Isa't your brother dead!"
Of course the suggestion startled Miss Minnie, but she replied:

"No, he is not dead."
The young lady, still gazing at the picture, said:

"Minnie, your brother is dead."
Miss Minnie immediately went to the president and told him what had occurred, and begged him to let her go home at once. The president said it was a mere idle fancy of the young lady, and she ought not to let it trouble her mind, but to return to her room and think no more of it. She returned to her room, but could not shake off the impressions made by the predictions of the young lady, for she had a presentiment that it was true, and that she would receive a telegram confirming it. On Sungay morning she went to the president and told him that he ought to have let her go home yesterday, for she would receive a telegram to day announcing her brother's serious illness. The president hooted at the idea, and again sent her back to her room. Soon after leaving the president on Sunday she received the tolegram and at once made preparations for her journey home. Taking the south-bound train, the president and physician of the college accompanied her a nortion of the way when Miss Minnie was intercepted by a telegram from Winchester, Tenn., stating that the young lady who had forecold the death of Mr. Arthur Atkinson, in Jackson, was dead! The president and physician returned to Winchester and Miss Minnie came on to Jackson, to find her adored brother a corpse. Taking the circumstances all together they form a mysterous and remarkable combination of facts.

"LORD" WELLINGTON IN DIFFICULTY.

Prom The Pall Mall Gassits.

A French officer tells an amusing anecdote in a recent number of the "Revue Retrospective." It was at the time when the French army stood before Torres Vedras, separated from the English camp by a number of vineyards in which there were a few caves containing wine. The soldiers of both armies drank fraternally from these stores without ever coming in conflict. One day, however, a French sergeant was captured in one of the caves by some English soldiers, who took him into their camp and conducted him to the Duke of Wellington. After a few questions the sergeant was ordered to leave, but would not stir.

"Go along," said the General. No movement but the brusque reply, "General, your soldiers had no right to make me their prisoner." "And how is that !" "How is that! It is this way. The cave being neutral ground they had no more right to capture the than I had to capture them. They took advantage of my isolation. Soldiers ought to have more manners among themselves." "Was that the way you were taken prisoner!" "Yes, General." "Very well, your shall dine with my attendants and go where you came from." But the Frenchman still refused to move. "Have you not heard what I said, sergeant!" "Oh, yes, General. I have heard it all, but I do not wish to go with your attendant." "And why not!" "Because no French soldier ever eats with domestic servants." Lord Wellington, with a bow and a sign of assent, took the hint, ordered another couvert to be laid at his own table, and invited the French sergeant to dinner.

"MISS CLEVELAND." AT THE CAPITOL,
Washington Gossip in The Baltimore American.
A funny incident occurred in the House gallery yesterday. A new doorkeeper was in the private gallery, when a jady came up to him and started to go in. The door keeper remarked that she could not enter, as this was the private gallery, whereupon the lady drew herself up and remarked; "You don't seem to knowme. I am Miss Clevenian." The new doorkeeper was astonished and begged pardon. He not only opened the door, but went inside and down to the front seat, and made the people there get out, because "the President's sister" wanted to get a seat. The lady swept down to the front row and took her place. Soon it became noised about that Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveiand was in the gallery. The women craned their neeks to see her, and so did every one clse. Finally, the doorleeper of the diplomatic gallery came around to see what the excitement meant. He asked the new doorwhat the excitement meant. He isked the new door-keeper of the private gallery what was going on, "Why. Miss Cleveland, the President's sister, is inside," We re-marked. The diplomat went in, and in a few minutes are not with great disgust, and remarked that the woman was no more Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland than he was. The other doorkeeper told the new doorkeeper the same thing, and he laughed heartily at his being im-posed upon. The woman was a Miss Cleveland, but no relation to the President, nor did she tell the doorkeeper she was.

THE GENIAL EGOVIST.

From The Youth's Companion,
Coventry Patmore told a friend of a visit which he once
made to Leich Hunt, when the poet kept him waiting for
two hours, while he arranged himself, faultlessly, in an
airy and becoming costume, exclaiming, as he entered, to
his weary and impatient guest, "Ah! what a beautiful,
happy world we live in, Mr. Patmore!"

LISZT AND THE LADIES.

LISZT AND THE LADIES.

From Galignani.

Mme. Janka Wohl contributes to the International Review of Florence some interesting reminiscences of Liszt. She says the Abbé was very discreet as regards that lady admirers. Only once did he eatisfy her corrosity on this point. "I was working one morning at Lowenners," said he, "ween a card was brought into me. It contained a name I did not know. The visitor, a fine young Englishman, entered the room. I fancied I recognized hum. He approached me and whispered a word in my ear. I at once detected the voice. I was thunderstrack. "What have you come here for I Have you run away I Have you left your husband I She had thrown herself into an armohair and was lunghing outright. "This is a nice reception indeed,' said she; 'It was not worth the while my risking myself as I am doing." But you are ruining yourself, I exclaimed, fearing somebody would come in. She flew to the piano, and began playing, 'I am your papil; that's all. And she continued saincing, filling the house with her voice. 'For heaven's sake.' I cried, 'held your tongue. The house is fall of people. They will come, and you will be recognized.' What, she replied, twirling the moustache she had not, 'if they recognize me I I will congratulate them. They will have seen worse than I am.' 'Enough of this childishness I replied, seriously alarmed; 'tell me what brings fon here.' She was a cantatrice of European remown and Irreproschable character.

"My herone was not only watched by a jealous

childishness I rejlied, acriously alarmed; 'tell me what brings you here.' She was a cantatrice of European remown and irreproachable character.

"My heroine was not only watched by a jealous husband, who did not deserve the treasure which had fallen to his lot, but aiso by an infatuated, unseruptions anmirer, who tracked her like a demon, hoping some day to profit by a fault she might commit. Everybody knew this, and I frembled for her. I had met her occasionally, I admired her greatly, but you know I never coveted the moon. To sum up, I could scarcely believe my eyes on seeing ner there, disguised as a young man, caim and camid, as it she were paying me an ordinary visit. However, I persunded her to 20, but not before we had breakfasted together. I promised to call on her, but never went. I have always avolted auventures of this kind; I detest melodrams, particularly in private life. Two years later size came to me again in the same way. I was then living like a rectime at Monta Mario. I made her sing my 'Ave Maria.' She sang it in a way that would have tempted a saint. Alas! It will never be sang again like that. What has become of her since ! She is dead." Liez's never divolged her name.

The Great Success

wants of the people, being economical to use and always reliable and effective. Its ingredients are the best, and their combination the result of profound study and skill. Thus, for all diseases originating in impure blood, Ayer's Sarsaparille

" As a blood purifier and general builder-up of the system says Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth-ave., N. Y., "I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, Matron of the M. E. Seminary, Titton, N. H., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Saresparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful blood puri fier, it is superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla."

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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